The POGUES

in Paris

30th Anniversary concert at the Olympia

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Programme 1

1. Streams of Whiskey
2. If I Should Fall from Grace with God
3. The Broad Majestic Shannon
4. Greenland Whale Fisheries
5. A Pair of Brown Eyes
6. Tuesday Morning
7. Kitty
8. The Sunnyside of the Street
9. Thousands Are Sailing
10. Repeal of the Licensing Laws
11. Lullaby of London
12. The Body of an American
13. Young Ned of the Hill
14. Boys from the County Hell
15. Dirty Old Town
16. Bottle of Smoke
17. The Sickbed of Cúchulainn

Programme 2

1. Sally MacLennane
2. Rainy Night in Soho
3. The Irish Rover
4. Star of the County Down
5. Poor Paddy on the Railway
6. Fairytale of New York
7. Fiesta

UNIVERSAL MUSIC FRANCE · Polydor · SCPP

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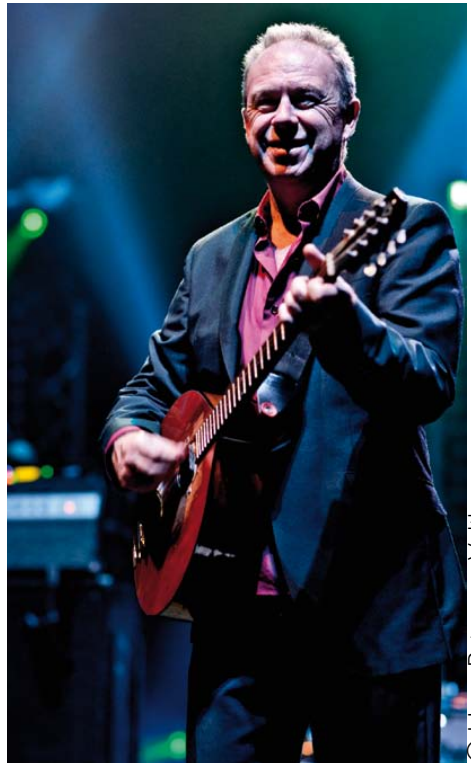

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Beginnings..

So the brother started wearing suits – that was the first sign. And a burgundy v-neck jumper. That, he informed us, was going to be the regulation gear for his new band. Shane O'Hooligan, well-known 'face' on the London punk scene and singer with the newly defunct Nips, was playing around with a new sound – raucous punk with an Irish feel while Nips' co-founder, Shanne Bradley wanted to go Greek. They didn't agree and they didn't have a name yet.

It was 1981, Summer of Ugh. Shane in hallowed jumper and Oxfam-like suit, along with his mate Spider (sporting a top I'd bought from 'London Girl' – a burgundy-fur-type thing adorned with a bunny - a top he and Shane were destined to squabble over and share for months) picked me up from work and the three of us marched purposefully to a dingy pub in Clerkenwell where the two boys took to the stage in a barren, darkened hall. It wasn't completely empty – one man and his dog lurked in the shadows, watching attentively. The dog neither whimpered nor howled. Shane made up for it.

"We're the New Republicans!"he shouted forcefully from the stage.

Silence.

'Hooray!" I squawked hopefully, the man and dog remaining stoic, preferring to keep their counsel.

The boys broke into a rambling set – 'Paddy works on the Railway', 'Muirshin Durkin', 'Rocky Road to Dublin', Shane strumming manically on guitar as the duo screeched mercilessly into the mikes. I squealed and hollered after each song and even though the man and dog remained silent, I was somehow grateful they had stayed the course.

The last time I'd seen my brother play had been with the Nips at the famous Music Machine in London, ominously the night it had burnt down. Spider stood in the crowd, winking at me as I posed, suitably churlish in tartan trousers, carefully ripped seersucker top and dog collar. Shane was wearing a pink nighty and beside him on stage an equally strangely-attired James (as yet blissfully unaware of his soon-to-be incarnation as an accordion player) along with the rest of the band were getting gobbed on by the crowd. I remember Shane taking cover under Paul Weller's mohair jumper as The Jam joined them on the stage. So all in all the Clerkenwell gig could be seen as an improvement in audience reception.

And that was the beginning. Sometime after I met 'Country' Jem Finer for the first time in Burton Street. This mellow man, a gentleman, had hitched his sails to the mast, endeavouring in his meticulous fashion to master the banjo. From him I sensed an onslaught of calm as he took the helm, managing the fledgling band and tempering proceedings as rehearsals began in earnest in the back room of host, 'Snakeskin Earrings' king, Rick Trevan's Kings X flat (fair exchange – Rick was hoarding his merchandise in Shane's Cromer Street bath). Amid much crashing, shouting and banging, Jem's measured tones cooled the young minstrels' fevered brows, reassuring me as I feasted on Marmite and toast in the kitchen.

I knew things were getting serious when Spider started playing the tin-whistle down the 'phone to my mum. He was learning it and he wanted to see what she thought. Well she thought it was good – naturally – while I sniggered from my perch on the stairs.

And so it began. The hurly-burly of those early gigs. Heaving, squealing, sweating, shoving, beer-lobbing, pogo-dancing, writhing affairs in squashed venues: The Bull & Gate, Kentish Town; Hope & Anchor, Islington; the Wag Club in Soho; The Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park. Word on the street was spreading fast and I did my bit one night, laughing in the face of sleep to draw up flyers in Celtic script boasting the band's mantra -

'Just look them straight in the eye and say.....
Pogue Mahone....'

The early gigs were famous for their revelry and good-natured, good-humoured fans who would rescue each other from the beer-sloshed mire if they fell. Cait had joined the band of merry men by then. (Shane met her on Oxford St. He said if she lent him five quid she could join his band). With her mane of black spiked hair, fiery temperament but cool bass-plucking, Spider bashing himself manically but rhythmically on the head with a tray, Shane's gut-curdling howls in between vocals, Jem's wide-eyed, incredulous smile as he picked his banjo and James somehow looking just a little uncomfortable and bemused as if the accordion was a bit too heavy for him but what the hell, along with new recruit Andrew 'the Clobberer' Ranken and his military style stand-up drumming, the band were a

heady mix and were building themselves quite a reputation.

Somehow, somewhere, along the way the band stormed their way out of venues like the Irish club in Camden Town and the underground gigs in smoky, dark, illegal drinking joints with fellow 'Punk-a-billy' bands, The Shilleleagh Sisters, The Boothill Foot Tappers, Bal & the Stingrays ("Bal! Not BOWEL!" Spider spat when I mistook his name recently) to the sight of Darryl in his days as guitar-tuner and roadie shoving more and more impressive equipment past the ever-growing queues outside the Brixton Academy on St. Paddy's night, the mass of Irish flags proudly bearing the new band name, 'The Pogues'. There were other signs that things were changing – the night the crowd invaded the stage at the Dominion and mobbed the band in their frenzy.

The night they supported Elvis Costello at the Hammersmith Palais and I saw the massive crowd chanting their name for the first time, I stared agog.

'I never thought it would get this big,' I whispered to Stan Brennan, producer of their first album 'Red Roses for Me'.

'I did,' gloated Stan.

That support tour with Elvis, coupled with the oncoming force of nature that was manager, Frank Murray, along with maestro Terry Woods and the legendary Phil Chevron, working alongside the crew that were to become such a big part of the Pogues family, heralded a new chapter in the band's story, seeing them embark on worldwide tours and producing a string of acclaimed albums

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of which you will have heard. But here's a tid-bit you may not...

One mid-80s night in Blooms bar, Dublin, the band, lamenting their so-far failure to conquer the charts, with the full knowledge and agreement of Spider, were discussing the merits of a plan to kill the willing tin-whistle player to garner some much-needed publicity. Although warming to the idea, Shane proposed an alternative:

'We need to write a hit. A Christmas song. A duet,' he insisted.

The rest you know...

Siobhan MacGowan
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The Pogues and Me

I was sixteen the year that The Pogues started, and I had come to London to get away from Irish music. Maybe even from everything Irish.

Being a teenager, I wanted more than anything else to be hip and cool, and to be around people who were also hip and cool. To me, Irish music was as far from hip as you could get.

I was brought up in an Irish speaking 'Gaeltacht' in the wilds of South West Ireland, where people still made poitín (a very strong and illegal type of whiskey) and danced jigs and reels in each other's kitchens. Most of the people I knew could sing and play traditional Irish music.

Looking back on it now, my neighbours were wild and wonderful and full of life, but as a child who read the music magazines I knew that there was this thing called Punk happening in London. I had not been able to actually buy the clothes or records but I had heard the Sex Pistols and The Clash and The Jam on my radio. I knew that was the only kind of music I wanted to dance to. And so, as soon as I turned sixteen, I went to London to check out the scene.

By chance, I happened to live with a friend who was friends with Spider, and one night Spider came into our local pub with Shane. Shane approached me. 'It's Spider's birthday,' he announced. 'Buy him a drink.'

It was an order, not a request. I was not impressed.

'Fuck off,' I said.

That was the extent of our initial conversation, but I was intrigued. When Spider invited me to come to a gig that he and Shane were playing with their band Pogue Mahone, I was happy to go. What I saw on stage that night was not anything that I had ever seen before, nor was it anything that I had even conceived of as being possible. It was Irish music, and I recognised it. I knew all of the tunes. But this was not Irish music the way they played it in Ireland. This was quite outrageous. It was shocking, in fact.

Andrew Ranken, the drummer, did not sit behind a drum kit, at the back. He stood up in the front, with Shane and Spider and bashed the hell out of a snare, a tom and a cymbal. This was something that I had never seen before. Cait "Rocky" O'Riordan was not a demure Irish colleen. She had a giant rockabilly quiff and ridiculously long legs, and she slapped the bass as if it were a lover and tortured the young

boys who were gazing up her miniskirt with looks of unparallelled disdain. Spider was skinny, dark and handsome, and he spat into the tin whistle, and wriggled around like he was getting electric shocks from his shoes. James Fearnley, the most dashing band member, looked like Cary Grant and yet he leaped around the stage with his accordion like a hell-raising rocker. Shane stared down the audience and stayed quite still and injected levels of vitriol that I had never before encountered into songs like 'Paddy on the Railway', songs that I had thought of as twee and folksy. The only non-threatening presence was Jem Finer and even he confused me because he was the only one who in any way resembled a normal Irish traditional instrumentalist, and he was English.

I was riveted by what I saw and heard. This was better than Punk. Less pretentious, totally uncontrived. Being a good looking bunch, The Pogues made Irish trad music sexy, not an easy thing to do. But part of me was also offended. I may not have been particularly attached to Irish music, but the idea that these (mainly English) people should have appropriated it so defiantly and audaciously was strangely uncomfortable, at first. But it was not long before I got the point, and understood that what The Pogues were doing was giving meaning and relevance to Irish music in a modern world, in a London Irish world instead of a West of Ireland world. In a world where such things as rent boys and drug dealers were part of everyday life instead of things you only read about in the papers.

Because I had come from the countryside, and was entirely enchanted by London and everything it represented, the fact that The Pogues were a London-based band who sang songs about London, was part of what thrilled me about them. When 'Dark Streets of London' was released, I got my hands on a first pressing and it became my prize possession. They were far enough removed from muddy fields and mucking out cow sheds to be glamorous. They were more exciting than anything you might find on a farm. At one of their early gigs in the Bull and Gate in Kentish Town, I sat down at a table in front of the stage with my hand bag on the floor and my drinks on the table. As soon as the band came on, somebody picked up my table and threw it across the room. I had to run, to avoid being mangled and I never did find my hand bag.

The Pogues were wild and angry, but they also struck chords of a romantic kind of patriotism and a celebration of those things about being Irish that I identified with deep down in my soul. Shane and I discovered a mutual passion for Irish poets like Raftery the blind bard, and we spent long nights reading poems to each other, and drinking cheap Retsina in his King's Cross flat. During this time, he would play me songs that he was writing. Sometimes the songs would have a relationship with things that we had recently seen and done, or people that we had encountered. I remember the first time he played 'Bottle of Smoke' I was instantly reminded of the bottles of smoke that were the result of our making a home made bong for smoking dope. When we went out to bars or restaurants, Shane would often be so busy writing lyrics on the napkins that he would regularly mis-hear what people said. Some of his best lyrics came about in this way, 'The Turkish Song Of The Damned' was the result of somebody asking if he had heard the 'Turkey Song' by The Damned.....

Over the years, The Pogues became more sophisticated and experimental, as musicians. The stand-up drum was replaced by a proper kit. They recruited Terry Woods, who was well known as a real Irish traditional musician and also Phil Chevron who sang as well as playing rhythm guitar, and was a fantastic showman on stage. Cait left and was replaced by Darryl Hunt who was a talented multi-instrumentalist, and who did not wear miniskirts.

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The venues changed from small bars and clubs to big theatres and stadiums. They got a manager and an office and they even had matching outfits made. They began to become very famous and to have hits. They almost got to number one in the UK, with 'Fairytale of New York'. They made it onto 'Top Of The Pops' and made a video with Matt Dillon. The performances became less anarchic and more polished. They travelled all over the world, playing to people who may not have even had any Irish connections, such as the audiences in Japan. But in all of the time I spent with them, I never saw a less than jubilant response from an audience. They made people dance everywhere they went, and amazingly, a lot of the time, the audiences knew all the words and could sing along with all the songs.

There have been some less than joyful moments, of course. There have been times of real tragedy, such as the deaths of Andrew's wife Deborah, of crew members Paul Verner, Dave Jordan and Charlie McLennan, and of Kirsty MacColl and Joe Strummer.

There have been times when some band member's mental and physical health were affected by the lifestyle and in turn, this has affected their ability to perform, and caused problems for the band. Much has been said about that, and will continue to be said. But what is much more important to say is that The Pogues can still play blinding gigs. At this stage of my life, I must have stood by the side of the stage and watched them more than a thousand times, so many times I cannot possibly count them. And every single time I hear them play, it is a different experience. At the most recent gigs in Paris at the Olympia, I was quite certain that the first night they played was going to be as good as it was possible for them to get. And then, on the second night, they managed to be even better. Long may they continue to thrill.

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2012-09-17
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And we'll go where the spirits take us, to heaven or to hell

It never crossed my mind that I'd ever be in their group. After the demise of my previous band, I had retreated from that world and had begun laying a new career path as a record producer and solo performer. I just really liked going to see them and I especially loved bringing other people to see them. Just as my good friend Dee O'Mahony had insisted I accompany her to their second or third gig at one of their soon to be regular beery venues, I took my Dublin journalist pal Bill Graham to see them at the Bull and Gate in Kentish Town. I felt he'd implicitly understand what they were doing and he did, this ramshackle crew who'd each started out somewhere else in England or Ireland but had in common the fact that they were all now naturalised Londoners.

Bill was always a man for the bigger picture: he saw that the attitude and the fabled Pogues' dress code - the (still) seldom fully observed idea of Saturday night Kilburn High Road anti-chic - were as much a part of what they were offering as the revved-up Clancy Brothers covers, and he grasped that you could either take this band at face value or you could seek out the presence of a more intriguingly dimensioned Anglo-Irish cultural negotiation that saw the band's own demography become manifest in the music, but either way, you were probably going to have a lot of fun. Elvis Costello saw this too when I agreed to help bring him up to date on the London music scene by taking him to a gig at the Diorama, off the Euston Road. He'd been touring the world for about a year and on his return had assessed as dubious the music press claims of a new revolution led by men in blouses playing cheap synthesisers. Elvis became an instant convert to Poguetry which, in part, he considered a kind of visceral surrogate revenge for his own joyless years in the UK's folk clubs. He singled out the female bassist for special acclaim, but his fandom was genuine and his aim was true.

It was seldom plain-sailing with this lot. Minor in-band backstage disputes were as likely to spill out into their show as an unexpected cover of a Velvets song and with the same underlying menace too. They could be spectacularly awful one minute and uniquely inspiring the next: what set them apart was their capacity for never allowing the former to bear down on the latter. Or vice versa, for that matter. Increasingly too, audiences became ever more attentive to the new songs written, for the most part, by the singer/guitarist. Those of us who knew his talent from the days when his old band and mine played the same dodgy London punk circuit, and sensed that with this new crew, he may finally have found his groove, were not surprised that the new material was good, though I don't suppose any of us really had an inkling just how good it would get.

And so, I soon heard myself, in the middle of a routine meeting with the manager I shared with both them and Kirsty, doing my bit for Chaos Theory by volunteering to deputise for the banjo player while he sat out, on paternity leave, their first ever German tour. I'd never picked up a banjo in my life but, I reasoned, it had strings and it had frets - how hard could it be? It goes without saying I never did master the instrument, much less grasp the fine rhythmic fluidity that characterised the playing of the expectant father, but apparently the racket I made was sufficiently compatible all the same that, when his celebratory cigar remained

stubbornly unlit after that tour, they took me along to Scandinavia too. I had the time of my life and so I just decided to hang on in there, making myself useful, until they fired me. When this didn't happen, I had to negotiate that unsettling experience of being the last guy to join a tight-knit cohort, little realising that, within a year or so, there'd be two additional new Pogues, the final one of which had been there all along anyway.

The Pogues. Collective noun, etymology Gaelic Póg mo thóin [kiss my arse], saved Irish music from itself in the late 20th century by showing it respect where others derided it and irreverence where others demanded tribute. By 2012, nobody was more surprised than they were that, thirty years on, they were all still there to tell the story, tell it again at an unexpectedly venerable angle, and do so from the hallowed stage of the Paris Olympia. Better still, the secret of their appeal remains that people still love bringing other people to see them.

Philip Chevron

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I remember frolicking happily in the River Wye, for the Hell's Ditch photoshoot. However, as time went on I began to feel more and more uncomfortable. I eventually discovered that my swimming trunks had filled up with a sizeable colony of the freshwater louse.

Andrew Ranken

When your career gets going, it's not unknown, after sales of a few tens of thousands in each territory, to be awarded a silver disc, and then gold and if you're going very well by a certain time, maybe a platinum. In France in 1987 or 1988 we happened to sell 50,000 copies of Rum Sodomy and the Lash. We had a gig in Paris – at Zénith, or maybe at the Élysée Montmartre - where our manager at the time persuaded us it would be a good idea to present to us our gold discs, on stage, in front of our audience. Our Parisian crowd's response was to pelt us with centimes until the coins covered the stage. We swore never to do anything like that again.

James Fearnley

The day we invented Pogue-beat was a good day. The perverse pleasure in stripping down a drum kit piece by piece, until all that remained was a floor tom and snare and the metronomic 1000 bpm boom tchuck boom tchuck . . .

Jem Finer

Nobody tells me anything.....!

Darryl Hunt

The Pogues.....30 years?.....I can't remember! What's my name?

Terry Woods

It was on a very early tour: I forget where we'd just played or even what country we were in but it had been a brilliant show, utterly exhilarating. We were driving to the next town and I was sitting next to Cait, both of us just glowing with adrenalin. Out of nowhere, and perfectly in sync, we turned to each other and said 'we're in the best band in the world, aren't we?'. The thing is that we both knew we were right.

Spider Stacy

The Pogues happened as a completely organic thing, we had all known each other for ages. Once The Nips broke up, I was arranging a gig for The Millwall Chainsaws at the Tonbridge club in Cromer Street. The Chainsaws were Spider's band, the band who mutated into The New Republicans who mutated into The Pogues.

Me and Jem went busking together quite a lot, which was a really good way to get the raw, original set together. At Covent Garden, which they had just totally fucked up with their snotty mall, they were holding auditions to decide who could busk in the market, so me and Jem turned up one morning at ten on a weekday as the shops were just opening, for the audition. There was only one person around, and he looked like one of the group, a genuine Paddy in a suit getting pissed. Exactly the type of guy they didn't want in the new Covent Garden. A real asshole auditioned us, and he clearly didn't like us, but this other guy hung around and started shouting out requests and we knew a lot of the tunes. We offered to do 'Carrickfergus' and he said, 'Yeah, Carrickfergus, I practically built the place.' That finished us off. That guy loved us but he didn't count as a person in these people's eyes. That and the fact that I was holding a can at ten in the morning. We were good, we always made lots of money on the tubes, but we didn't get the licence to busk. I really wish I'd had a film camera with me because it would have made a great video.

Ollie from the Chainsaws became the drummer in The New Republicans and it was him who had the idea of doing Irish rebel songs in a really loud, obnoxious way. We were in the kitchen of the squat one day and I was just banging around on the guitar. We all knew loads of those songs like 'Paddy On The Railway' and 'The Rising Of the Moon' and 'Kitty'.

Our first gig as The New Republicans was me, Spider, Matt Jacobson, Ollie Watts and John Golding. We all knew Andrew and he was the first drummer we tried out but he was in The Operation and we weren't getting it together fast enough. That first gig was at Club Futura, Richard Strange's club, where we used to go every week. It was an affordable new music venue. Soft Cell had played the week before us, just before 'Tainted Love' came out. Jem and a few other people came with us to the gig, and a buzz started going around about it because it all ended rather abruptly. There were fifteen squaddies in the audience, just back from Northern Ireland. I think they were actually enjoying it, at first. We were always bumping into squaddies. They had fish and chips with them which was against the rules, but who's going to stop fifteen squaddies with fish and chips? Anyway I think we played something like 'The Patriot Game' and that might have been when they pelted us with

the fish and chips. It wasn't dangerous or anything, they weren't going to throw full cans of beer at us. I didn't mind the fish and chips, some of us were even eating them, but it was a very sensitive time and the landlord got really paranoid, being Irish. We had nearly finished the set, but I think the squaddies started getting a little bit rowdy and according to Jem and Richard Strange who tried to reason with the landlord he said 'I've got nothing against the English but I don't need that kind of heat.' I can understand his position. So we got the plug pulled on us and we had to leave the back way in case they jumped us. Which would have been great because there was more of us than there was of them.

Then we were out having a drink one night at the Pindar of Wakefield, me, Jem, Spider, Ollie, a guy called Justin and a woman, I can't remember her name. They used to put on gigs there and I worked for them, helping the bands on with their gear. Then we actually got booked to play there and I said, I can take the money as well as playing. That went on for ages, me just getting out of the crowd and getting on stage. Darryl was around at this stage. We had two drivers, him and Rick. So I just carried on working at the gigs Stan Brennan was putting on and working at his record shop, and then we would play on Mondays at the Pindar Of Wakefield.

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A friend of Jem's called Rick Elgood borrowed a camera from film school and we made a video for 'Streams Of Whiskey' which we'd recorded. The whole thing only cost sixty quid. I think it was Jem's idea for us to strip down to our underpants and sit in deckchairs, freezing by the canal on the coldest day of the year, drinking cider out of champagne glasses, like in the Wham 'Tropicana' video. Cait, my sister, Siobhan and my cousin, Arlene from Tipperary and Pam Hogg were in the video. The girls did a bit of Irish dancing on top of a little barge on the canal and then we went down to the Pindar of Wakefield where everyone who knew us was gathered and we had a big piss-up. In that video we came out of dustbins, like in a Marx Brothers' movie and in another scene James and a guy called Dave did some break-dancing which was really good. James was always a really good performer. At the time break-dancing was the latest thing. Me and Jem went down to the West End, to a cutting-room to edit it and it is really well edited. I still think it's our best video, because we directed it ourselves.

There's been a million things said about what happened after that. Anyone who wanted to come and see us could come and see us, and anybody who wanted to listen to us could listen to us, so if you know who The Pogues are you can make up your own mind.

This is just how I remember it coming together.

Shane MacGowan

Programme 1

1 Streams of Whiskey

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

2 If I Should Fall from Grace with God

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

3 The Broad Majestic Shannon

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

4 Greenland Whale Fisheries

(Trad. arr. by MacGowan/Finer/Stacy/Fearnley/Ranken/Chevron/Woods/Hunt)
Universal Music Publishing MGB/Wardlaw Banks Ltd./Perfect Songs Ltd./Copyright Control

5 A Pair of Brown Eyes

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

6 Tuesday Morning

(Spider Stacy) Perfect Songs Ltd.

7 Kitty

(Trad. arr. by MacGowan/Finer/Stacy/Fearnley/Ranken/Chevron/Woods/Hunt)
Universal Music Publishing MGB/Wardlaw Banks Ltd./Perfect Songs Ltd./Copyright Control

8 The Sunnyside of the Street

(Shane MacGowan/Jem Finer) Universal Music Publishing MGB

9 Thousands Are Sailing

(Philip Chevron) Copyright Control

10 Repeal of the Licensing Laws

(Spider Stacy) Perfect Songs Ltd.

11 Lullaby of London

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

12 The Body of an American

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

13 Young Ned of the Hill

(Terry Woods/Ron Kavana) Perfect Songs Ltd./Proper Music Publishing

14 Boys from the County Hell

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

15 Dirty Old Town

(Ewan MacColl) Robbins Music Corp. Ltd

16 Bottle of Smoke

(Shane MacGowan/Jem Finer) Universal Music Publishing MGB

17 The Sickbed of Cúchulainn

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

Programme 2

1 Sally MacLennane

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

2 Rainy Night in Soho

(Shane MacGowan) Universal Music Publishing MGB

3 The Irish Rover

(Joseph Crofts/arr. The Pogues) Walton's Ltd./Copyright Control

4 Star of the County Down

(Trad. arr. by MacGowan/Finer/Stacy/Fearnley/Ranken/Chevron/Woods/Hunt)

Universal Music Publishing MGB/Wardlaw Banks Ltd./Perfect Songs Ltd./Copyright Control

5 Poor Paddy on the Railway

(Trad. arr. by MacGowan/Finer/Stacy/Fearnley/Ranken/Chevron/Woods/Hunt)

Universal Music Publishing MGB/Wardlaw Banks Ltd./Perfect Songs Ltd./Copyright Control

6 Fairytale of New York

(Shane MacGowan/Jem Finer) Universal Music Publishing MGB

7 Fiesta

(Shane MacGowan/Jem Finer/Rudi Lindt/Edmund Kotscher) Universal Music Publishing MGB/GEMA/Carlin Music Corp.

The Pogues:

Shane MacGowan, Jem Finer, Spider Stacy, James Fearnley, Andrew Ranken, Philip Chevron, Darryl Hunt, Terry Woods.

Special guest on Fairytale of New York : Ella Finer

Brass section:

Pete Fraser : Saxophone, Dan Gale-Hayes : Trumpet, Ian Williamson : Trombone

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Project manager: Laure Coton Laurent, assisted by Christophe Lameignere & Nicolas Chuong

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Mixed by Manu Guiot and Paul Scully, assisted by Antoine Bordeaux,at Studio Ferber (Paris)
Mastering by Raphaël Jonin

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Assistant sound engineers: Laurent Piel, Patrick Michelon, Daniel Pires

Live Executive Producer and Director General

For Polydor and Benjamin International Production
Christophe Lameignere, Lionel Grosheny, Jean-Marc Valay, Stéphane Braille, Ganxtah, Philippe Chioselli, François-Régis Ferry

For the Olympia: Arnaud Delbarre, Yvette Capoulade, Johana Lajoinie, Christian Soulabaille

Sounds :
On/Off
Front of house: Grégoire Benezet
Foldback: Anthony Lacour

Lighting:
Régie Lumière
Philippe Amblard

Special effects
C17sfx

Catering
Pur Sucre

For The Pogues:

Front of house sound: Paul Scully
Onstage sound: Jacqueline Nott
Lighting: Ian Turner
Backline tech: Alan 'Bud' Goulding
Backline tech: Jos Grain
Backline tech: Tony Bateman
Personal assistant: Ólan Clarke
Tour and Production Manager: Zoë Hodge

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